26 December 1959

Stewart Alsop/Esq.

Dear Stewart:

Many thanks for your note of the 19th. I particularly enjoyed reading your condemnation of "sheeplike behavior" -- possibly I will qualify as a "ram".

In any event, I should much enjoy a further discussion of the issue on which we seemed to have seme difference of opinion the other evening. I am not altogether sure they are irreconcilable.

Sincerely,

SIGNED

Allen W. Dulles Director

AWD/c 1 - DCI via Reading 1 - ER via Col. Grogan to note & return (Basic to ER)

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STEWART	ALSOP	
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December 19th, 1959

Dear Allen;

I thought the marked portion of the enclosed piece might amuse you.

But I am stubborn enough to wish that you would have one of your experts dig out some of the stadies made at the time of the Korean war of the effectiveness of nuclear weapons used against troops in the field, normally deployed and normally protected. I have done a lot of homework on this subject, and nuclear weapons are a tremendously effective weapon against cities—— but not against armies.

Duas good & see you and Clover, and one day I'd like to pursue this and other subjects further.

Let's Stop Acting Like Sheep

By STEWART ALSOP



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"You say there's been a MISTAKE?"



"LET ME SEE THE MANAGER!"

Let's Stop Acting Like Sheep by Stewart alsop

A Post editor takes Americans to task for shamelessly allowing themselves to be browbeaten real-hotels, restaurants and other public places and offers his own infallible remedy.

ared Stars would be a better place to For some control in if more Amer-The test tracer of aple steps:

Control of the tracer of the tracer of the purple, pure, or

segenta-time precise shade regardly support meanwhile, the eyes

hard at the emenacing fashion.

And the prescot approximately one to the and down in place, while trails waven both arms with fists

are of scangled outrage. me the manager!" or some other repercentage to the initiation of a first-

and of us have forgotten, or way to make a first-class row. We Americans have been acting fa $-\omega \varphi$ much like a herd of docile, hypothyroid seren. As a result we are being treated more and ore like sheep, especially when we are traveing. Clerks, waiters, ticket agents, managers and the like herd us about or bark at us like size eco dogs or loftily disregard us, and most—us hardly dare utter a protesting "Baa-aa. As long as we go on acting like sheep, we sho go on being treated like sheep.

The purpose of this report is to introd ear new movement, whose adherents will be a ned certificates as Master Row Makers, or now Makers of the Second Class, the certifica 3 to bear the inspiring slogan: Sheep of Ame $-\varepsilon_{\rm CA}$ Arise—You Have Northing to Lose 3. r Your Tempers. United under this : 012 slogan we must learn to complain. V ben

complaint is justified, we must learn to com-plain long and loud. We must learn the art of making a first-class row

It is an ancient and honorable art. Techniques vary. My brother, Joseph Alsop, for example, widely known and respected for his row-making ibilities, is the acknowledged master of the technique of prolonged, wordless hopping and arm waving as a prelude to starting the row. He is also no mean eye popper. His eyes pop out in such a way as to cause the "knowed and combined locks" of the object of his just wrath to part, as Shakespeare neatly put it. "and each particular hair to stand on end, like quilis upon the fredul porpensine." His performance is so effective that it has not infrequently been assumed that he was naving some sort of fit-

・ 高級機構が関係の変え、機能が開発機能・機能はよびに体験に対したから、を打ち、対しては、ロシンを治療・ 次のできませる。

physicians have occasionally been sum-moned by awed onlookers. The total effect is curiously paralyzing, so that re-sistance to my brother's just demands in the later phases of the row-making process is rare

process is rare.

To qualify as a Master Row Maker it is necessary to master the technique of simultaneous Sye popping and hopping and waving. I myself, I must confess, have never achieved that exalted rank—I am a mere Row Maker of the Second Class. I was not gen a row maker of any sort until a few years ago, when a plane in which I was flying to Rome came down in the Azores. A new motor would have to be flown in, the airline official explained—might take a couple of days or so. Mean-while bunks would be furnished the passengers. A couple of hours later an almost empty plane damother line landed on the Azores: its destination, Rome. I was in a desperate hunger to get to Rome, I explained to the efficial—I had a number of important appointments. Could I therefore transfer to the other plane?

The official Taughed. It was a small, tittery, superior laugh, and I shall never forget it, for It marked a turning point in my life. It was gut of the question, he said between gigets—against all regulations To qualify as Master Row Maker it is

torget it, for it marked a turning point in my life. It was out of the question, he said between giggles—against all regulations. It was the laugh that did it—as in a dream a mental image appeared before my eyes of my brother, hopping up and down, eyes bugging out, while the expression of pleased complacency on the official's face changed to horror and consternation. Suddenly I found myself hopping up and down too. By the standards of a Master Row Maker it was an amateurish effort. no doubt—eyes insufficiently popped, shouts not strangled or outraged enough. But it did the trick. Within less than an

But it did the trick. Within less than an hour I was on my way to Rome.

Since then I have specialized in the art of "puce facing," as I have come to call it. Puce facing is a gentler technique favored by Second-Class Row Makers, who lack the inspired frenzy of the masters. Naturally somewhat rubicund of countenance, I have learned the technique, it consists. I have learned the technique-it consists largely of holding the breath while think-ing angry thoughts—of causing the face to turn a shade described by objective ob-servers as "brick red, tinged with a bluish black." The face simultaneously puffs out in the manner of the fish of the family Tetraodontidae, which blow up like bal-loons when their bellies are tickled. Puce facing is not as effective as really firstclass eye popping and hopping and wav-ing. But it qualifies a man for a Second-Class certificate.

Now here one point should be made abundantly clear. There are precisely two just causes for making a row. They are clearly defined on the Row Makers' Cerclearly defined on the Row Makers' Cer-tificate: "ONE. Failure to honor a stated or clearly implied commitment. Two, Treatment of the Row Maker as a sta-tistical entity or idiot child rather than as a sensible human being." The Row Makers' Certificate is also sternly ex-plicit: "The making of a row for any cause other than the two just causes will result in the removal of the certificate and immediate expulsion from the proveimmediate expulsion from the move-

Nothing has done the honorable cause of row making more harm than the phony row maker, the man who without real provocation makes a lot of fake-angry noise simply to show that he is important. You've seen him howling at some inno-cent waitress for no reason at all except to impress a lady friend or potential customer, or badgering a bartender for put-ting too much vermouth in his martini after failing first to specify what kind of martini he wanted. This man is the enemy of all true row makers. So is the man who takes out his wrath on some small

and innocent person who cannot really do anything to right whatever wrong has been done. This may relieve the feelings, as does kicking a table after you have barked your shins on it. But it must be well understood that the true row maker is not actuated by such solely selfish motives as a desire to relieve the feelings. On the contrary, although private convenience may certainly be served, the first concern of the true row maker is the public weal.

Let us consider an example. As a qualified row maker, you have reserved a room at some vast metropolitan hotel. Your reservation has been confirmed. You arrive late and weary, longing for bed. There is a convention in town. You wait with your herd of fellow sheep for your turn at the reception desk—one very big hotel I know of even has roped-in waiting enclosures into which its guest sheep are briskly herded. At last you are permitted

briskly herded. At last you are permitted to ask for your room.

The clerk shuffles negligently through some papers. "Must be some mistake, sir," he says in a perfunctory tone, not even bothering to look up. "We have no record of a reservation. Sorry. No room available."

Because he is accusted to dealing with sheep he expects to hear you more

with sheep, he expects to hear you move on, perhaps muttering a bit under your breath. But he is in for a surprise. For this, as you instantly recognize, is Just Cause No. I—failure to honor a commitment. Warned by some sixth sense, or possibly by the gasps of the onlookers, the possibly by the gasps of the onlookers, the clerk looks up to see the never-to-be-forgotten sight of a qualified row maker in the preliminary phase: face puce, eyes popped, rhythmically hopping and waving. This silent phase lasts for the prescribed minute—its purpose being to convince the clerk that you are angry. Not just a little bit miffed, mind you—the other side is accustomed to us sheep being a little bit miffed—but enraged, incensed, infuriated, wrathful, indignant and, in short, sore as hell. The clerk must be convinced that this is not a case that can be handled with a mollifying excuse or a tart rejoinder. tart rejoinder.

In the second phase of the process, the emphasis must be on noise, coupled with the insistence on seeing Someone in Authority. Mere assistant managers should be angrily dismissed, and highly audible demands—audible, let us say, to approximately the sixth floor—should be made for the manager himself. "He's in bed? Then GET HIM OUT OF BED. Why should be be dossed down like a pig in should be be dossed down like a pig in straw while I am condemned by his unpardonable incompetence to sleep on a park bench?" Suits should be threatened. Letters to the president, the board chair-man and the directors of the hotel com-pany should be outlined in some detail. Names of local politicians or other persons of influence should be invoked—it does not matter a pin, of course, if they have never heard of you. It has even been found effective, when you cannot remember such names, to make them up—"Warren G. Smithers, who happens to be a close friend of mine, shall hear of this."

When words fail, a loud, wordless ululation is often most effective. Other techniques may occur to you. One of my acquaintances when stiffciently aroused barks like a dog. My younger brother, John, has mastered an original technique of shouting at the offending party in a sinister Russian accent which he has cultivated. By such means overshed within tivated. By such means everybody within earshot should be made aware that a major public row is in progress.

The chances are then excellent that you

will get the bridal suite at cut rates. It is

also possible, of course, that you will get a punch in the snoot. But that is a risk which, as a public-spirited citizen, the row maker must be willing to accept. For in the future the hotel management will be far less cavalier about a failure to honor a confirmed reservation. And thus, as always when the true row maker is in operation, the public welfare is wedded to private interest.

private interest.

How many well-traveled readers of this article have in the recent past suffered a failure to honor a reservation or some similar indignity? And how many, having uttered a few sotto voce imprecations, have turned sullenly away to shift for themselves? Far too many is the undoubted answer. For row making has become almost a lost art.

Let the middle-aged reader of this are

Let the middle-aged reader of this ar-ticle think of his father. If his father was like most fathers, he was perfectly willing, if someone treated him like a fool or failed to honor a commitment, to make a row. Indeed, the chances are that he rather enjoyed it, and the noisier and more publie the better. But our generation is in-creasingly conditioned to act like sheep. We get positively embarrassed if somebody makes a scene, no matter how justified, as though legs had been mentioned in a Victorian drawing room. Why have we become so sheeplike?

No doubt the war had something to do with it. "Don't you know there's a war on?" became an excuse for bad service during the war, and the bad service lin-gered on when the excuse had ceased to exist. Maybe expense accounts have something to do with it—some travelers on expense accounts have a mistaken no-tion that, since the dollars they are spending are not their own, they have no right to complain.

But I'm inclined to think there's another, deeper reason for our increasing sheepishness—the curious "life-adjust-ment" theory that has been taught in a lot of schools for many years now. If you are brought up to believe that life is something you adjust yourself to and that it is wrong and even immoral to expect life to do a little adjusting to you, all you can do is mutter "kismet" or the equivalent, and placidly accept such blows as fate or the hotel manager may have in store for you.

This conditioning to sheeplike behavior has infected our political life. There is, for example, nothing more enjoyable than a good, loud political argument. Winning a agond, loud political argument. Winning a political argument requires very specialized techniques, such as The Irrelevant but Impressive Historical Allusion, The Use of Made-up Figures to Overwhelm the Opposition, The Amused and Condescending Laugh and The Prolonged, Contemptuous Silence. But that is another subject. The point I want to make is that even in Washington, the most political of towns, a good, angry political argument is getting harder and harder to stir up. And when you do get one going—with both sides shouting at one another, banging on the table, employing such techniques as those named above with great enjoyment and ruthless dexterity great enjoyment and ruthless dexterity— there are apt to be some in the com-pany who display a pained embarraiss-ment, as though there were something wrong about having a fine old political

Moving account of the same of Maybe this fear of controversial subjects is what's wrong with our conduct of foreign affairs. As we all become more sheeplike, our Government does too. The American Government never puce faces, or ululates, or eye pops. It leaves all the row making up to other people—South American dictators or Nikita Khrushchev. The first necessary qualification for the next President ought to be a certificate as a Master Row Maker.

I think a lot of the trouble comes from Efficiency, but the Efficiency but the

Efficiency—not real efficiency, but the kind spelled with an audible capital letter by its worshipers. According to the doctrine of this kind of Efficiency, we are no longer individuals. We are means, or averages, or statistical entities. Means, averages, or statistical entities are not appropriate the statistical entities. averages or statistical entities don't ge angry, so they can therefore be handled in an Efficient way. Let me give you a couple of examples of what I mean.

Recently a customer ordered Asparagus Hollandaise in one of the very toniest res-taurants in New York. The asparagus, taurants in New York. The asparagus, when it arrived, was asparagus all right, but the sauce was a rather tired white sauce laced with lemon juice. Under Just Cause No. I above—"Failure to honor a stated or clearly implied commitment"—the customer, a well-known row maker, made a row. The headwaiter, when sumoned confessed with a shrut that the

made a row. The headwaiter, when summoned, confessed with a shrug that the chef had been expressly forbidden by the management to serve real hollandaise sauce—it took too much time, and besides most of the customers didn't know the difference anyway.

Another example. The editor of our Greatest National Magazine—modesty forbids us to identify the periodical in question—was due to appear as an honor guest at a banquet at one of New York's plushiest hotels. For convenience, he made a reservation at that hotel. On arrival he found two long lines of weary rival he found two long lines of weary made a reservation at that hotel. On arrival he found two long lines of weary passengers herded in front of a couple of reservation windows. He shuffled down his line for a full half hour, and just as he arrived at the window, a clerk slammed down a sign—NexT Window Please—and disappeared. The editor had another half hour of shuffling in line and he was late for his banquet. late for his banquet.

It was Efficient to serve white sauce instead of hollandaise-as means, averages, or statistical entities, most of the cus-tomers of the tony restaurant no doubt did not know the difference. It was Efficient for the hotel to keep its customers waiting in line—money was thus saved on clerk hire. But sure as fate, that restaurant will lose its reputation, which is as important to an expensive restaurant as it is to a lady. And although the editor did not make a row-he is not a row makerhe will never go back to that hotel again, and in this determination he will not

Efficiency-in short, the kind of Efficiency which treats people like statistical entities—is very bad business in the long run. It is the noble mission of us row makers to remind the worshipers of Efficiency of that simple fact. Mind you, there is such a thing as gen-

uine efficiency. And although the purpose of this article is to carp, it must be said in all justice that the American traveler runs into a lot more real efficiency than the phony kind.

phony kind.

There was a time when, if you were rich, you could enjoy a kind of luxury which has now disappeared in this country and is fast disappearing even in Europe—the luxury of hands. Its symbol is the little box with four bells which you will find begin your bod in a European will be will still find beside your bed in a European luxury hotel. Beside each bell is a little figure, representing a lady's maid, a valet, a waiter, a chambermaid—eight hands to

Ring a bell, and almost immediately one of these little figures will appear in the flesh to clean up after you, or

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that the property of the sour on with all all albert or property on the daing from ar many garang ta a chicken You don't must one sort of our remembers and atthough in adequate group, presented services an adequate barrens, yellower and sometimes and right an area for the services for the services and an area. post resic contribution in American ref. No doubt rel . No doubt e life stil in or lada, or see days of a fler my seed on begind syle, with he can the in other lass, and an-hely right is back if e our h. But an solution of a ord behavior from the terms of a ord behavior with of making it that or the terms of the control service. The new region of the terms of the control of the c this conserve, and it is will occasant for ar net was a dicate and so found in cons. But a some as and begin to pay Charles a note wage, you can't affor in he by contained. The fact and a deck me in survivor facults is a resolution in a other act of which we may so part if our we me best our fact and only one fact in the second of the fact and more executable, so contain that has ded And we me socials evolving out y a sect or secrible luxury-dest, with a meruman of per-1.119 several about wice Winding a received Cificient IIIeach of said aris of the

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Often the reaction has been one of sincere surprise. "But it is cold outside." I will be told—or, "But your air conditioner is working, isn't it?" Fresh, unprocessed air has become downright unfashionable, like double-breasted suits. Those who have attained a respectable "status" will have no traffic with the stuff. Maybe it is because nobody advertises air. One can almost hear the television commercials: "Air, spelled.4—I—R. Air contains that Magic Ingredient, the Miracle of Modern Science, Oxygen."

As for the arrines, my quarrel with them—or some of them—is summed up in one question. Why can't they treat their customers the same way when they're on the ground as when they're in the air?

Once in the air—on almost all lines the customer is king indeed. He is painpered, cosseted, his hand field, his brow soothed, his cigarette lighted, his diaper, if that should be necessary, changed. But on the ground, on some lines at least, the customer, instead of being king, is either a statistical entity or an idiot child. Take this matter of confirming reserva-

Take this matter of confirming reservations six hours before flight time. No doubt there are excellent reasons for this policy. But does the customer have to be driven loony before be can get his bought-

driven loony before he can get his boughtand-paid-for reservation confirmed?

Any habitual air traiveler knows what
happens all too often. You have a crowded
schedule. A good six hours before flight
time you telephone the airline to reconhirm. Busy signal, Blast it. You have an
appointment in a few munutes you cannot
afford to miss. You call again. Busy sighal, Damn and blast. You feel the urge to
hake a public row coming over you, face
pucing up siightly, eyes profruding a
trille. You call again. Another busy sighail. Six calls in a row—and at last, a
sweet, ladylike voice: "Reservations are
host. Would you care to wait?" Click.
Soc. you would not care to wait? Too
himites pass. Five. Perhaps ten. Then,
your appointment missed, your day
runed: "Thank you for waiting. May I
hein you?"

By this time, of course, you are wholly prepared to make a row, face fully puced, eyes entirely popped, already hopping and waving. But there is really not much to be done. It is not the fault of the lady with the sweet voice. It is the fault of Fifteenery.

My other complaint about the airlines concerns the weather. Everybody but an idiot child knows that llights are sometimes delayed or canceled because of the weather. No sensoid person blames the airlines for this fact of life—it is a drawback more than compensated for by the speed, comfort and increasing safety of an travel. But, why do seme airlines have to treat their customers like idiot children where the weather is concerned?

Suppose you are an a Midwestern city, and that it is also at the point of the next morning, night train and be to you can take; in confortable and if all goes well spend the night motionless bed. Engly. What to do "Our flights have schedule, sir." You risk the sone sexpected to sir." You risk the large confortable and the strength of the train.

Midwestern city, and in a Midwestern city, and a Midwestern city, and a midwell properties that you call take a noverland of or goes and if all goes in a comfortable and in a comfortable and if all goes in a comfo

This happened asked the ticket again to get me a reservame and to send a telegram explaning with a fought 1 had take to grow an appointment. The tooked at me as though 1 had take to grow the did this sheet that the tooked at me as though 1 had take to tooked at me as which almost cual that the motion, I made and the telegram sent, but the motion, I made and the telegram sent, but the motion of a Master Row Maker's Cell didte, and of course the reservation with a man and the telegram sent, but it is made and the was a found in the was a found in the telegram sent, but it is to get the took of a man and to send a telegram candidate the same in the took of a man and to send a telegram candidate.

Naturally you size to make distinctions—some arties long ago realized that the kind of E beeney which calls for treating custome linke kings in the ground, while trealing them like kings in the arties bad bust less in the long run. An even sharper losts at on has to be made

even sharper distriction has to be made about railroads. Certain trains, especially on the Western runs, treat ti ar passengers to the luxurious attentic is which our fathers expected and got and wife who take line, not because t show one itespand ong trips on a certain es want to get some-they consider it the where, but because most agreeable a available at the pr a faxurious vacation c. But alas, other railroads have clear; concluded that it is more Efficient for any nogs than hamans and that it is the crore a good idea to treat humans sike nogs. Last winter my mother made a 1 c stright trip on a train which had a 1 c stright trip on a light and (c) no water (80bc); seemed to those this state of affairs p mentarly unusual. On one and I suspect and a Vice President in Charge of Stopping up the Toilets has been appointed. I this situation fortunate row major must admit for he has no bar juning power. this situation the uner must admit defeat,

And yet we for anothers must, in the words of that im tortal row maker, Sir Winston Charles an never surrender.

能が重要が終り、企業的に対しては、1987年に対しには、1987年に対しては、1987年に対しては、1987年に対しては、1987年に対しては、1987年に対しては、1987年に対しには、1987年には、1987年に対しには、1987年に対しには、1987年に対しには、1987年に対しには、1987年に対しには、1987年に対

We must light on, against whatever odds. And we must be forever on guard against such subtle weapons in the hands of the enemy as Professional Politieness. We have been conditioned to doing what we are told, no questions asked, so long as we are called "sin" or "madam" and the word "please" is added. This conditioning is so effective that the time may come when an enemy could dispose of the whole lighting population of the United States simply by broadcasting: "Pie segregory in the case, as

go jump in the river, sir.

We have also been conditioned tool to ask meconvenient questions—abox, all such lower-status questions as 10000 much does it cost?" We are supposed to be above such crass considerations. Lake the matter of paying restaurant cheeks. When we get a check, we are expected to sign it with a flutter of bills, with hardly a glance at the total, if was not always trass. John D. Rockefeller Jr. has described his father on a trip to France, examining all his bills with minute care, and asking, "What are poutest? or "What in the world is a bougie?" The old mar had around a billion doltars stashed away after the time. Surely we lesser mortals should have the courage to hall a watter occasionally to ask. What is this K-might for which I am being charged eight-litt, !"

Or, "Since when do six-seventy-live and three-infly and up to eleven-filty."

Mind you, it takes courage these days has stein questions. You must expect a haugity glance of contempt from the water, a look of pamed embarrass not from your guest, indeed, it takes courage not to act like a sheep. But in this respect as in most others, courage is rewarding.

The making a sow one in a Ahri, and you will find that, with a bit of pre-tice, it becomes a positive pleasure to die, ay what the late Frank Lloyd Wright, himself a Master Row Maker, called "a lirtle honest arrogance." Just bear in mir di the sequence—the pucing of the face, the pupping of the eyes, the shear prelin mary hopping and waving, the climatic outraged shout—and you, too, may eachly for a Row Makers. Certificate, In like, perhaps, you may even scale the heights to become a Master Row Maker. And always remember that when you misk a row for one of the two just cause—jou are sayving far more than you rown with convenience. At considerable personal risk—for there is always the chance of that punch in the anout—you are so way your follow citizens, even the most cheep-like. And so, sheep of America, in se. You have nothing to less but your tempers.

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